

# ENTERPRISE NEWS-RECORD

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CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

## GROWING WALNUTS OREGON INDUSTRY

PROF. LEWIS TALKS ON WALNUT  
CULTURE BASED ON CALI-  
FORNIA METHODS.

"The present prospects are that the walnut industry will become a very important one in Oregon," said Prof. C. I. Lewis, head of the department of horticulture at the Oregon Agricultural College, in an address to the Lane County Horticultural Society, recently.

"We find walnut trees growing in nearly every city from Portland to Ashland," Prof. Lewis continued. "While the plantings are not extensive as a rule, they are sufficiently large, nevertheless, to indicate the prospects of the industry. Undoubtedly we are making many mistakes in walnut growing and are not profiting by the thirty years' experience of the California walnut growers. I spent three months, last winter, in California, and had a splendid opportunity to look into the walnut industry in that state.

"In locating a walnut orchard, the most important point is to have deep, rich soil. It will be some years, probably, before we will know the very best locations for the walnut, but we do know that on deep soils trees are growing all the way from the river bottom soils, which are sand and silt, up to the red hill lands.

"Since the walnut begins its activity so late in the season, it is not so susceptible to frost injuries as most of our fruit trees. They may be injured, however, on low lands by heavy fall frosts. We should insist on planting the French strains, such as the Franquette and Mayette, etc.

"Personally, I believe, that if we are to place the walnut on a sound

foundation, we must either plant first class grafted trees, or else the very best seedlings we can procure, with the idea that we will top work the seedlings after a few years. There is too much variation in even the best selected seedlings.

California Black Walnuts Good. "Concerning the best stock on which to graft, we will yet be obliged to do considerable experimenting. We can state, however, that at our experiment station at the college at Corvallis, we have been much pleased with the California Black.

"We have been very successful in sprouting the seeds in the following manner. At this season of the year, or a very little later, we have placed some boards at the south side of a building, upon these spread an inch or two of moist sand, and then spread out the nuts. They can be covered either with the moist sand, burlap, or any material that will hold moisture. As soon as they sprout they can be set in the nursery row, where ground should be carefully prepared—hand plowed two or three times and then harrowed until in good garden condition, and free from all lumps. I do not recommend the planting of seeds in the field where the walnuts are to grow. Better care can be given them in the nursery row, and they can be transplanted much as other fruit trees. Few walnut trees in California have not been transplanted at least once.

"Walnut orchards need intensive cultivation, and at times will need cover crops, much as apple orchards do. They should not be planted closer than 40 feet, and 50 is preferable. While the trees are young, other fruits and vegetables can be grown between the trees.

"The California method of pruning is much better than ours. The trees are headed at 30 or 40 inches. From three to five branches are chosen to form the head. At the end of the first year these are cut back in much the same way as we would cut

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## TRUXTON KING

A Story of Graustark

BY GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

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### CHAPTER IV. TRUXTON TRESPASSES.

THERE was a sparkle in King's eyes as he struck out across town after breakfast the next morning. He burst in upon Mr. Hobbs at Cook's.

"Say, Hobbs, how about the castle today—in an hour, say? Can you take a party of one rubbernecking this morning? I want you to get me into the castle grounds today and show me where the duchesses dawdle and the countesses cavort."

"Of course, sir, you understand there are certain parts of the park not open to the public. The grotto and the playgrounds and the Basin of Venus."

"I'll not trespass, so don't fidget, Hobbs. I'll be here for you at 10."

Truxton hurried to the square and across it to the shop of the armorer, not forgetting, however, to look about in some anxiety for the excellent Dangloss, who might, for all he knew, be snooping in the neighborhood.

Spantz was at the rear of the shop talking to a customer. The girl was behind the counter, dressed for the street. She came quickly out to him, a disturbed expression in her face. As he doffed his hat she smiled left his lips. He saw that she had been weeping.

"You must not come here, Mr. King," she said hurriedly in low tones. "Take your broadsword this morning, and please, for my sake, do not come again. I—I may not explain why I am asking you to do this."

"Just a minute, please," he interrupted. "I've heard your story from Baron Dangloss. Are you in trouble? Do you need friends, Miss Platynova?"

"The baron has told you all about me?" She smiled sadly. "Alas, he has only told you what he knows. But it should be sufficient. There is no place in my life for you or any one else. There never can be. Do you question me? I can say no more. Now I must be gone. I—I have warned you. Do not come again."

She slipped into the street and was gone. King stood in the doorway, looking after her, a puzzled gleam in his eyes. Old Spantz was coming up from the rear, followed by his customer.

"Hello, Mr. Spantz! Good morning. I'm here for the sword."

The old man glared at him in unmistakable displeasure. Truxton began counting out his money. The customer, a swarthy fellow, passed out of the door, turning to glance intently at the young man. A meaning look and a sly nod passed between him and Spantz. The man halted at the corner below and later on followed King to Cook's office, afterward to the castle gates, outside of which he waited until his quarry reappeared. Until King went to bed late that night this swarthy fellow was close at his heels, always a swarthy fellow keeping well out of sight himself.

"I'll come in soon to look at those rings," said King, placing the notes on the counter. Spantz merely nodded, raked in the bills without counting them and passed the sword over to the purchaser.

Truxton picked up the weapon and stalked away. A few minutes later he was on his way to the castle grounds, accompanied by the short-legged Mr. Hobbs.

Hobbs led him through the great park gates and up to the lodge of Jacob Fraasch, the venerable high steward of the grounds. Here, to King's utter disgust, he was booked as a plain Cook's tourist and mechanically advised to pay strict attention to the rules.

"It's no disgrace," growled Hobbs, redder than ever. "You're inside the grounds, and you've got to obey the rules, same as any tourist. Right this way, sir. We'll take a turn just inside the wall. Now, on your left, ladies and—ahem!—I should say—ahem!—sir, you may see the first turret ever built on the wall. It is over 400 years old. On the right we have—"

"See here, Hobbs," said King, stopping short. "I'm dashed if I'll let you lecture me as if I were a gang of hayseeds from Joshville."

"Very good, sir. No offense. I quite forgot, sir."

"Just tell me, old chap. Don't lecture. Hobbs, this is all very beautiful and very grand and very slow," said King, stopping to lean against the moss covered wall that encircled the park within a park. The grounds ad-

joining the grotto. "Can't I hop over this wall and take a peep into the grotto?"

"By no means!" cried Hobbs, horrified. King looked over the low wall. The prospect was alluring. The pool, the trickling rivulets, the mossy banks, the dense shadows—it was maddening to think he could not enter.

"I wouldn't be in there a minute," he argued. "And I might catch a glimpse of a dream lady. Now, I say, Hobbs, here's a low place. I could jump—"

"Mr. King, if you do that I am ruined forever. I am trusted by the steward. He would cut off all my privileges"—Hobbs could go no further. He was prematurely agitated. Something told him that Mr. King would hop over the wall.

"Go and report me, Hobbs; there's a good fellow. Tell the guards I wouldn't obey. That will let you out, my boy, and I'll do the rest."

He strode off across the bright green turf toward the source of all this enchantment, leaving poor Mr. Hobbs braced against the wall, weak kneed and helpless.

"What are you doing in here?" demanded a voice.

Truxton, conscious of guilt, whirled with as much consternation as if he had been accosted by a voice of thunder. He beheld a very small boy standing at the top of the knoll above him, not thirty feet away. His face was quite as dirty as any small boy's should be at that time of day, and his curly brown hair looked as if it had not been combed since the day before. His firm little legs, in half hose and presumably white knickerbockers, were spread apart, and his hands were in his pockets.

King recognized him at once and looked about uneasily for the attendant who, he knew, should be near. It is safe to say that he came to his feet and bowed deeply, even in humility.

"I am resting, your highness," he said meekly.

"Don't you know any better than to come in here?" demanded the prince. Truxton turned very red.

"I am sorry. I'll go at once."

"Oh, I'm not going to put you out!" he exclaimed the prince, coming down the slope. "But you are old enough to know better. You are the gentleman who picked up my crop yesterday. You are an American."

"Yes, a lonely American," with an attempt at the pathetic.

The youngster looked cautiously about. "Say, do you ever go fishing?" he demanded eagerly.

"Occasionally."

"You won't give me away, will you?" with a warning frown. "Don't you tell Jacob Fraasch. He's the steward. I—I know a fine place to fish."

The prince led the way up the bank, followed by the amused American, who stooped so admirably that the boy, looking back, whispered that it was "just fine." At the top of the knoll the prince turned into a little shrub lined path leading down to the banks of the pool almost directly below the rocky face of the grotto.

The prince scurried behind a big rock and reappeared at once with a willow branch from the end of which dangled a piece of thread. A bent pin occupied the chief end in view. He unceremoniously shoved the branch into the hands of his confederate and then produced from one of his pockets a silver cigarette box, which he gingerly opened to reveal to the gaze a conglomerate mass of angleworms and grubs.

"A fellow gets awful dirty digging for worms, doesn't he?" he pronounced. The prince took the branch and gingerly dropped the hook into the dancing pool. In less time than it requires to tell it he had a nibble, a bite and a catch. There never was a boy so excited as he when a scarlet nibbler flew into the shrubbery above.

On the opposite bank of the pool suddenly appeared two rigid members of the royal guard, intently watching the fishers. King was somewhat disturbed by the fact that their rifles were in a position to be used at an instant's notice. He felt himself turning pale as he thought of what might have happened if he had taken to flight.

A young lady in a rajah silk gown, a flimsy panama hat tilted well over her nose, with a red feather that stood erect as if always in a state of surprise, turned the bushes and came to a stop almost at King's elbow. He had time to note in his confusion that she was about shoulder high alongside him and that she was staring up into his face with amazed gray eyes. Afterward he was to realize that she was amazingly pretty; that her teeth were very white and even; that her eyes were the most beautiful and expressive

### CITY AND COUNTY BRIEFS.

Tell a town by the ads in the home paper. Universal rule.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Boyd have returned from their winter's sojourn in Southern California.

Dr. F. A. Clise, the eye specialist, will be in Wallowa county in a few days to remain some time. Parties needing glasses will do well to wait for him, as he is well known in the county.

Rev. Samuel Harris last Sunday morning announced his resignation of the pastorate of the Presbyterian church. It is understood no action will be taken in the matter until the congregational meeting in April.

A woman's literary club has been organized by the W. C. T. U. ladies. The first meeting will be at the home of Mrs. W. R. Holmes, Thursday afternoon. The program embraces a study of Ireland, its political situation, its art, music and literature. The club will meet every Tuesday afternoon.

### SELECT CITY WITH GOOD SCHOOLS TO MAKE HOME.

Pearson's Academy, Walla Walla, Wash., March 9.—The Pearson's Academy authorities have interviewed publicity bureaus of the Northwest and have learned that the majority of eastern people who are thinking of moving to the West and making their homes here ask: "What kind of schools have you?"

The publicity people say that prospective citizens of the desirable class are all very much interested in the schools of their future home and make searching inquiries regarding them. The lesson for the cities of the Northwest is the importance of keeping in mind that good schools are a drawing card for a city.

The people who have studied the situation say that when eastern families with children decide to come West to settle they always select a city with a reputation for good schools, other things being equal.

She had ever seen, that she was slender and imperious and that there were dimples in her cheeks so fascinating that he could not gather sufficient strength of purpose to withdraw his gaze from them. Of course he did not see them at the outset. She was not smiling, so how could he?

The prince came to the rescue. "This is my Aunt Lorraine, Mr.—Mr.—" He swallowed hard and looked helpless.

"King," supplied Truxton—"Truxton King, your highness." Then, with all the courage he could produce, he said to the beautiful lady: "I'm as guilty as he. See?" He pointed ruefully to four

goldfish which he had strung upon wire grass and dropped into the edge of the pool.

"Please put those poor little things back in the pool, Mr. King," said the lady in perfect English.

"Gladly, with the prince's permission," said King, also in English. The prince looked glum, but interposed no imperial objection.

It must be confessed that King's composure was sorely disturbed. He glanced up to find her studying him, plainly perplexed.

"I just wandered in here," he began guiltily. "The prince captured me down there by the big tree."

"Did you say your name is Truxton King?" she asked somewhat skeptically.

"Yes, your—yes, ma'am," he replied, "of New York."

"Your father is Mr. Emerson King? Are you the brother of Adele King?" she asked.

"I am."

"I've heard her speak of her brother Truxton. She said you were in South America."

## CALIFORNIA IS SWEEP BY STORM

FLOODS CAUSE WASHOUTS IN  
MANY PLACES—WIND DOES  
GREAT DAMAGE.

After playing wide havoc throughout central and northern California, by causing washouts, floods, and damage to growing crops, the great storm that raged in that state the fore part of the week has broken up and moved to the eastward.

The storm has been almost unprecedented in the velocity of the wind and the amount of water that fell within very brief periods of time. From all parts of the state reports came in telling of rain coming down in torrents, of the cloudburst type.

In several cities, notably San Jose and Watsonville, boats had taken the place of the usual vehicles in the street. Thousands of acres of grain and orchard lands were submerged, resulting in great loss. Railroad traffic was more or less interrupted upon every line and branch in the northern and central parts of the state.

On the sea the storm raged with fury all along the coast, from San Diego north.

The Shasta route of the Southern Pacific was tied up in the vicinity of Redding for several hours, washouts occurring both north and south of that place. The line was soon opened but repairs to the south were not completed until Tuesday.

Families were rendered homeless at Watsonville, and the business part of the town was under six feet of water.

Heavy damage was done to the agricultural district surrounding the city of San Jose.

She was regarding him with cool speculative interest. "Wonder if you are he?"

"I think I am," he said, but doubtfully. "Please pardon my amazement. Perhaps I'm dreaming. At any rate, I'm dazed."

"We were in the convent together for two years. Now that I observe you closely you do resemble her. We were very good friends, she and I."

"Then you'll intercede for me?" he urged, with a fervent glance in the direction of the wall.

She smiled joyously. "More than that," she said. "I shall assist you to escape. Come!"

He followed her through the shrubbery, his heart pounding violently.

"Say!" whispered the prince a few moments later, dropping back as if to impart a grave secret. "See that man over there by the fountain, Mr. King?"

"Bobby!" cried the lady sharply. "Goodby, Mr. King. Remember me to your sister when you write. She—"

"That's Aunt Lorraine's beau," announced the prince. "That's Count Erik Vos Engo." Truxton's look turned to one of interest at once. The man designated was a slight, swarthy fellow in the uniform of a colonel. He did not appear to be particularly happy at the moment.

The American observed the lady's dainty ears. They had turned a delicate pink.

"May I ask who?" began Truxton timidly.

"She will know if the prince and the lady in the rajah are going toward the castle, King toward the gates, somewhat dazed and by no means sure of his senses."

CHAPTER V.  
THE COMMITTEE OF TEN.

IT has been said before that Truxton King was the unsuspecting object of interest to two sets of watchers. The fact that he was under the surveillance of the government police is not surprising when we consider the evident thoroughness of that department, but that he should be continually watched by persons of a more sinister cast suggests a mystery which can be cleared up by visiting a certain underground room unknown to the police scarce two blocks from the Tower of Graustark.

There were two ways of reaching this windowless room, with its low ceilings and dank airs. If one had the secret in his possession he could

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## Wants

Cent a word single insertion, 1½ cents a word 2 insertions. Special rates by month and year.

### WANTED.

Men and teams wanted to haul lumber. For particulars see the E. M. & M. Co. 70btf.

### MONEY TO LOAN

State Funds loaned, 6 per cent. John P. Rusk, Atty. State Land B'd, Joseph FOR SALE.

S. C. Rhode Island Red Eggs. \$1 to 15. C. J. Sanford, Enterprise, 88b3

A1 Piano for sale. Enquire at this office. 83btf.

Matched team of horses. Well broke and true to pull. See Carl Roe or W. I. Calvin, Enterprise, Ore. 83btf

Will sell all or any of my town property at reasonable prices. W. W. Barber, Enterprise, Oregon. 40btf

Sec. 35, 3 N 44—640 A. S E ¼ sec. 22, W ¼ NW ¼ sec. 23, SW ¼ SW ¼ sec. 14, 3 S 46—280 A.

64btf J. S. Cook, Burns, Ore. Seed Oats that will grow. Don't you know oats play out? Get Selected. Tested Swedish Regenerated. Charles Down, Joseph. 88a3

### FIRST COPY OF ATHENA'S FIRST PAPER DISCOVERED.

Considerable excitement was caused among the citizens of Athena last week when the workmen who are tearing down the brick wall on the corner of Third and Main, found an issue of "The Centerville" between the brick. On unfolding, a small marble was also found wrapped in the paper, and on reading the paper it was found that the paper was No. 1, Vol. 1, consequently it is a copy of the first paper that was ever published in Athena. The date was September 12, 1885, and it took its name from Centerville which was the first name of that place.

Along with the marble was found the card of H. N. Sattler, who was the editor and publisher of the said sheet. Having been placed between the brick the mortar had proved destructive on the paper and parts were entirely eaten away so that it was impossible to read it.

Mr. Sattler stated in his paper that an old barn was being torn down to put up a brick building on the corner of Main and Center streets, which building was the one where the paper was found. This is the only issue of that number that is known to be in existence and it is considered a great relic.—East Oregonian.

### CHURCH SERVICES.

Christian: Bible school, 9:45 a. m.; Preaching services, 11 a. m., subject, "Take Heed To Thy Ways," by Thos. Morgan. Christian Endeavor 7:30 p. m.; preaching services, 7:30 p. m., subject, "If There Is Not a Hell, There Should Be," by Byron Miller. Catholic: Rev. Father Heuel will conduct mass and preach a sermon at the Enterprise church at 10 a. m., Sunday, March 26. Everybody invited.

### EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Careful preparation is being made for the meetings which open tomorrow at the Baptist church. A full chorus and orchestra will lead in the song services. Books for every body.

The meetings will be conducted on the broad principles of christian unity and good fellowship, and for the good of the entire community and not for creed or sect.

Mr. Foskett is not a professional evangelist, but a pastor of wide experience, who is deeply interested in the great problems of social and moral reform and has recently left the duties of a large pastorate to give the rest of his life to general missionary and evangelistic work in Oregon.

The christian people of Enterprise and all who believe in truth and righteousness are most earnestly invited to unite actively in these meetings.

Mr. Foskett is especially urgent in his invitation to those who have no church home; or who have doubts as to the great facts of christianity. "With malice toward none and charity for all," we are here to help you. Come and give us a chance.

Sunday, March 12—Morning, "The Day of Power;" evening, "The Challenge of the Gospel."

Monday—"Where Art Thou?" Tuesday—"The Dead Level of Sin."

Wednesday—"Modern Sin and Moral Law."

Thursday—"Modern Sin and Moral Law."

Friday—"Life and Death."

### Bids Wanted for Wood.

Bids are wanted by the County Court of Wallowa County for 100 cords of four foot wood, cut from green timber, seasoned and delivered in Enterprise on or before December 1, 1911. All bids must be filed in the office of the County Clerk on or before 10 a. m., Monday, March 13. Right reserved to reject any or all bids.

By order of County Court,  
W. C. BOATMAN,  
88a3 County Clerk.



A SWARTHY FELLOW PASSED OUT OF THE DOOR.



"DON'T YOU KNOW ANY BETTER THAN TO COME IN HERE?"



"SHE WILL KNOW IF THE PRINCE AND THE LADY IN THE RAJAH ARE GOING TOWARD THE CASTLE, KING TOWARD THE GATES, SOMEWHAT DAZED AND BY NO MEANS SURE OF HIS SENSES."